



SPAWN[®]

HINE
CANSINO
VAN DYKE

GUNSLINGER SPAWN: PART 2



ISSUE 175 DIGITAL EDITION

SPAWN.COM

TODD McFARLANE AND
IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

STORY
DAVID HINE

ART
BING CANSINO
GEIRROD VAN DYKE
WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO
GREG CAPULLO

LETTERING
TOM ORZECOWSKI

PRODUCTION
FRANCIS TAKENAGA

ASSISTANT EDITOR
FRANCIS TAKENAGA

COVER
GREG CAPULLO

MANAGING EDITORS
JENNIFER CASSIDY
TYLER JEFFERS

SPAWN EDITORS
BRIAN HABERLIN
TODD McFARLANE

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
OF SPAWN.COM
TYLER JEFFERS

MANAGER OF
INT'L. PUBLISHING
FOR TMP
SUZY THOMAS

PUBLISHER FOR
IMAGE COMICS
ERIC STEPHENSON

SPAWN CREATED BY
TODD McFARLANE

DEDICATED TO
IAN MCSHANE

PREVIOUSLY IN SPAWN:

Al Simmons was a hit man for the US government until a treacherous assassin ended his life. At the moment of death, Al was offered a deal by the demon Malebolgia and returned to Earth as Spawn, a creature with supernatural powers born in Hell.

As Armageddon consumed the world, Spawn turned against his masters, destroying all life on Earth. While God and Satan continue their endless conflict in a parallel universe, Spawn has re-created the world and resurrected the human race, in what has become known as the White Light. The portals to Heaven and Hell are closed, leaving humanity free from the influence of angels and demons.

After a reunion with his brother, Richard, Al's long-buried memories are beginning to resurface. It seems that the mysterious Mammon has been manipulating Al Simmons since he was a child. When he returns to his parents' home, Al's father tells him that Mammon's influence stretches back even further. He gives Al the journal of his great grandfather, Henry Simmons, a journal that carries a dire warning for future generations...

From Henry Simmons' Journal:

During the war between the states, almost 180,000 African Americans fought on the side of the Union. Over 30,000 of them died. To recognize their service, Congress authorized the formation of 2 cavalry regiments and 4 infantry regiments to be drawn from the black population. These regiments became popularly known as 'Buffalo Soldiers'. In spite of their distinguished service and frequent commendations for bravery, the Buffalo Soldiers were often victims of racism within the army itself and from the civilian population they served.

In early 1881 a Buffalo Soldier was murdered in Texas and when members of the 10th cavalry reacted, Al Simmons' great grandfather was forced to go on the run. As he tried to make contact with his fiancée, Alma, he was caught in a blizzard in the mountains of Colorado, and took refuge in the town of Bane. Here he found himself sharing a cell with Ol' Job, a man whose family has been slaughtered by the corrupt businessman, Ed Kemper. Ol' Job has been framed for murder and the townspeople are keen to lynch both men without a trial.

When a mysterious man in white offers the two men the chance to cheat death, Al Simmons' ancestor refuses to sell his soul. Ol' Job takes the offer. The Buffalo Soldier narrowly escapes being hanged but Ol' Job is not so lucky. That night his corpse rises from the dead as a Hellspawn, eager to wreak a terrible revenge.



TODD McFARLANE
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A PRIVATE ROOM IN THE LUCKY STRIKE - BANE'S POPULAR SALOON AND CATHOUSE.

DID YOU
SEE THE WAY OL' JOB
WRIGGLED, LIKE A TROUT
ON A HOOK.

I SAW
THE MEN
WHO HANGED
HIM, RUNNING
LIKE RABBITS AS
SOON AS THE
MARSHAL
SHOWED HIS
FACE.

NOW
COME ON
IN HERE,
'LESS YOU
WANNA BE
PAYING ME
DOUBLE
TIME.

GOT
SOMETHING
SPECIAL
FOR YOU,
NANCY.

I
DOUBT
IT.

EVER
HAD A
HANGMAN
IN YOUR
BED?

NOOO!!

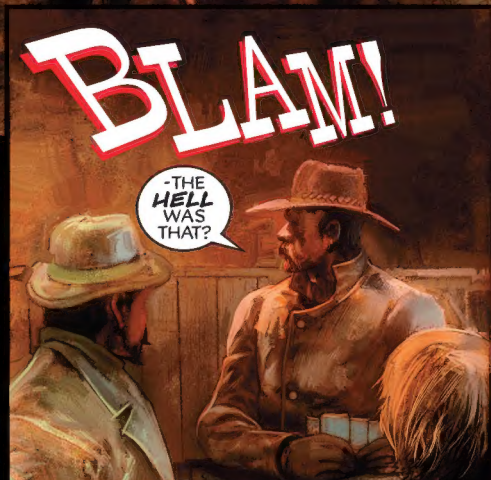
I DO
BELIEVE THE
LADY IS
IMPRESSED.

I'LL TAKE
CREDIT FOR
THAT.



ONCE YOU ACQUIRE OL' JOB'S LAND, YOU'LL HAVE YOURSELF QUITE A MONOPOLY, ED.

WHAT'S GOOD FOR ME IS GOOD FOR BANE. THIS TOWN IS GOING TO PROSPER AND YOUR BANK ALONG WITH IT, ROY.



-THE HELL WAS THAT?



CARL'S UPSTAIRS WITH NANCY.

DOES HE ALWAYS FIRE OFF HIS CANNON WHEN HE'S HAVING HIS WAY WITH A DOXIE?

GO UP THERE AND TELL HIM TO HOLD HIS NOISE.



A PITY THAT COLORED SOLDIER LIVED. WHAT WAS HE DOING OUT AT OL' JOB'S PLACE ANYHOW?

LORD KNOWS. I DON'T PLAN TO LOSE ANY SLEEP OVER IT.



WHAT IN HELL-?

IS THIS SOMEONE'S DAMN' FOOL IDEA OF A JOKE?



TH-THAT'S CARL'S MASK!



I TOLD
YOU I'D SEE
YOU IN HELL,
KEMPER.

JUST DIDN'T HAVE
THE PATIENCE TO WAIT
ON YOU DYING, SO I
BROUGHT HELL ALONG
WITH ME FOR YOUR
CONVENIENCE.

OL' JOB
YOU CALLED ME.
WELL, HERES A
NEW SCRIPTURE
FOR YOU.

I AM RETURNED
TO CAST ABROAD
THE RAGE OF MY
WRATH! RETURNED
TO TREAD THE
WICKED IN THEIR
PLACE!!

HERE'S YOUR HANGMAN,
SAVED FROM THE SIN OF
FORNICATION!

OH LORD,
IS THAT THING
OL' JOB'S
GHOST?

I DON'T
GIVE A DAMN
WHAT IT IS.

JUST
SHOOT
THE
BASTARD!

Blam! **BLAMM!**

Ka-
BLAM!

KA-
POW!

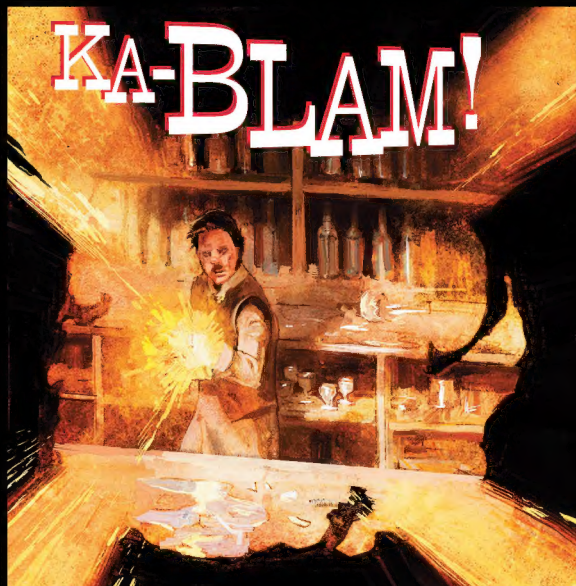
Pow!
POW!
KA-
BLAM!

FINE SHOOTING
GENTLEMEN!

THERE'S THE
LIVING PROOF!
YOU CAN'T KILL A
CORPSE!

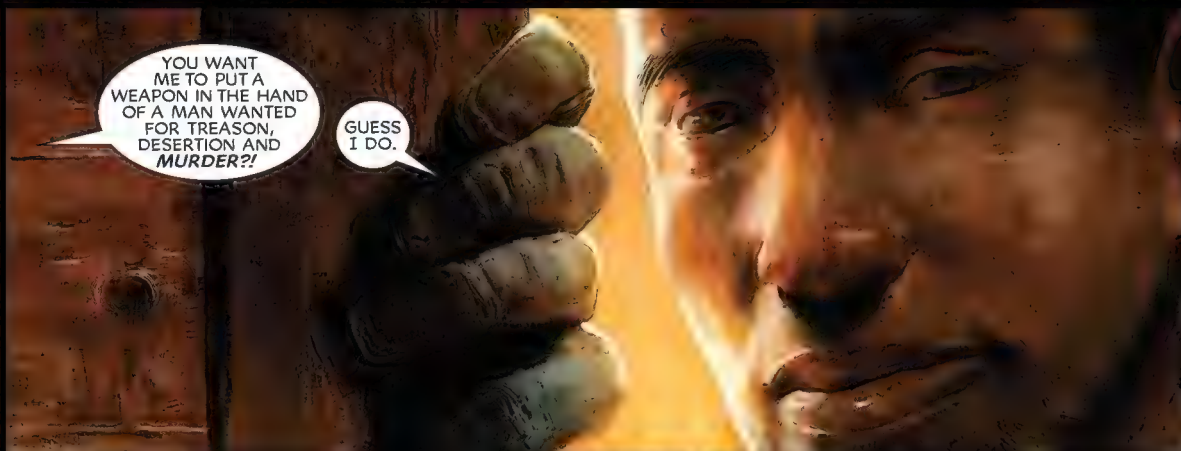
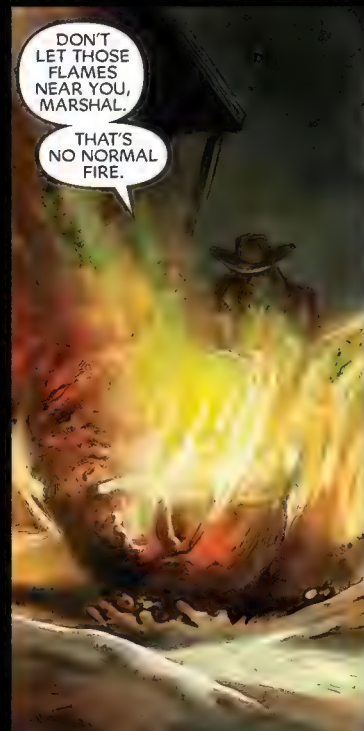


















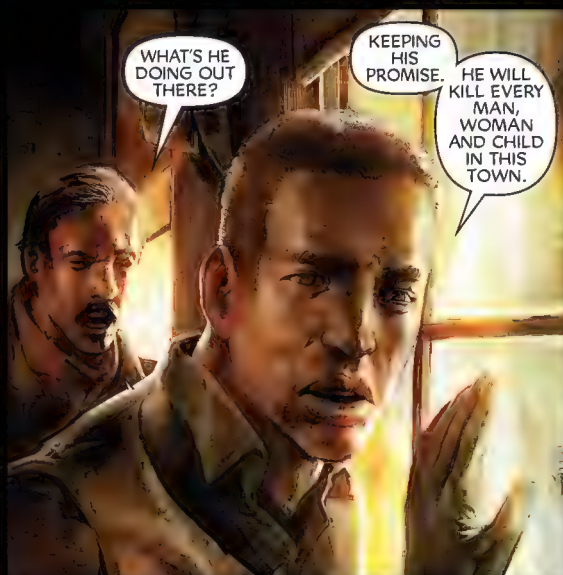
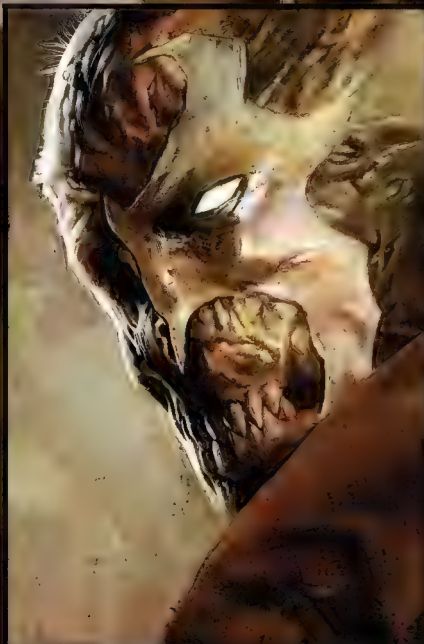
I NEVER KILLED A HUMAN BEING FOR THE PLEASURE OF IT, JOB, IF THAT'S WHO YOU TRULY ARE. YOUR WIFE AND CHILD WERE NOT INTENDED TO DIE.

FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, I'M SORRY FOR IT.













IT SEEMS FATE IS ALWAYS READY TO TAKE WITH ONE HAND AS IT GIVES WITH THE OTHER. JUST AS I FELT HOPE RISE WITHIN ME, IT WAS SNATCHED AWAY FROM ME ONCE MORE.



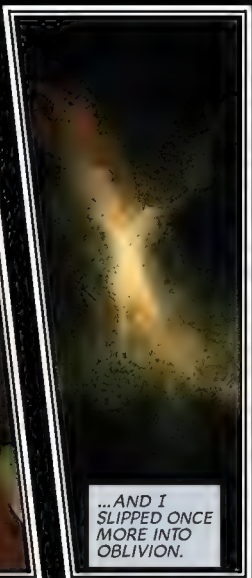
IF EVER A MAN CAN BE SAID TO HAVE LOOKED DEATH IN THE FACE, THEN I AM THAT MAN.



NOT HIM!
YOU MAY KILL THEM
ALL TO THE LAST
SQUALLING INFANT,
BUT NOT HIM.



OL' JOB SEEMED RELUCTANT TO DO HIS MASTER'S BIDDING. HIS FINGERS TIGHTENED ON MY THROAT...

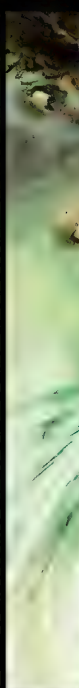


...AND I
SLIPPED ONCE
MORE INTO
OBLIVION.





...AND HIS SINS
WERE MANY.



I'LL SAY
FAREWELL
THEN.

PERHAPS
YOU'LL
REMEMBER
ME IN YOUR
PRAYERS.



THAT WAS THE LAST
I SAW OF THE
PITIFUL CREATURE THAT
HAD BEEN OL' JOB.



I HOPE
YOU ARE
NOT TOO
SHAKEN BY
YOUR
DESCENT.



DON'T
WORRY, I
DON'T INTEND
TO USE THIS
ON YOU. YOU
ARE FAR TOO
PRECIOUS
TO ME.

PRECIOUS?
BUT I'M NOT THE
ONE YOU WERE
LOOKING FOR. IT
WAS JOB WHO
TOOK UP YOUR
OFFER.



YOU SAID
THERE COULD
BE ONLY
ONE.

YES. IN EACH
GENERATION THERE
CAN BE ONLY ONE
HELLSPAWN. BUT I AM
NEVER WRONG. I
REALIZE NOW, WHY
YOU WERE BROUGHT
TO ME.



ONE DAY
THERE WILL BE A
HELLSPAWN GREATER
THAN ALL THE OTHERS.
ONE WHO WILL MAKE
THIS WHOLE WORLD
WHAT JOB HAS MADE
OF BANE.

THE SEED IS
IN YOU. I BELIEVE
ONE OF YOUR FORE-
BEARS WILL STAND
BY ME AND RULE
THIS WORLD.



GO TO
HER. GO TO
YOUR ALMA.
HAVE CHILDREN.
I'M A PATIENT
MAN.

I CAN
WAIT.



*I*N THE COFFIN
THERE WAS A
FOLDED SHEET
OF PAPER, A BILL
MADE OUT TO THE
WIDOW OF THE
MAN FOR WHOM
IT WAS INTENDED.



HENRY
THOMAS
SIMMONS.

I TOOK THE DEAD MAN'S
NAME AWAY WITH ME AND
IT WAS AS HENRY SIMMONS
THAT I MARRIED ALMA.



I NEVER SAW THE MAN IN WHITE AGAIN BUT
NOW MY WIFE IS EXPECTING OUR FIRSTBORN AND
A TERRIBLE DREAD HAS DESCENDED UPON ME.



I WRITE THIS FOR YOU MY
CHILDREN, FOR MY GRAND-
CHILDREN, FOR ALL MY
GENERATIONS TO COME.



I KNOW THAT
ONE DAY HE WILL
RETURN TO MAKE
THE OFFER I
REFUSED.

*T*HIS IS MY
WARNING.
YOU MUST
TURN YOUR
BACK ON HIM.
TO ACCEPT HIS
PACT IS WORSE
THAN DEATH.

*THE PROMISE HE MAKES
YOU MAY TASTE SWEET
ON YOUR TONGUE...*

*...BUT THE
BITTER
AFTERTASTE
WILL
LAST FOR
ETERNITY.*



The End





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE